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CHIEFLY OF HEROES

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Gilbert Wedmore,

CHIEFLY OF HEROES

BY THE SAME WRITER

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“A MINSTREL IN THE SOUTH”

CHIEFLY OF HEROES

by

Millicent Wedmore

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DEDICATION

TO THE

HONOURABLE VICTORIA SACKVILLE-WEST

*WHAT heritage is thine,
Descendant of the Poet Earls,
In plume and silken doublet fine,
With flowing curls,
Who turned the gay or built the tragic line!*

*Nor less a poet thou,
Whose young and gracious beauty dowers
A stately home, and doth endow
Its courts and bowers
With something new and rare—we know not how.*

*In stirring days and strong
Of Charles or shrewd Elizabeth,
Thy name was dear to poets, long:
Now may its breath
Speed as a favouring wind this barque of Song.*

CHIEFLY OF HEROES

EDWARD THE SEVENTH

IN days of old King Edgar spake,
King Edgar spake,
“ Among the rowers that I take,
No servile blood shall be;
For so that men may understand
That I am Ruler of the land,
Eight vassal kings, a royal band,
Shall row me on the Dee.”

King Edward spake no word of pride,
 No word of pride.
 Working he lived and working died—
 A regal rest he takes.
 But eagerly, with hearts aflame,
 Eight kings across the waters came,
 Responsive to no sterner claim
 Than silent greatness makes.

ODE ON THE CORONATION OF OUR
MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN
LORD KING GEORGE

I

EAGERLY, to her Prophet, Israel cried,
"Make us a King to lead us forth,
 To judge and guide,
 To fight our battles, that our wrath
Not any tongue or nation may abide."
Eternal craving of the heart for one
 In whose august employ
 Is only joy:
Not vainly do we cry, and crave this benison.

II

Jove, thunder from the height!
By gliding swans and white
Be Venus' chariot brought;
Cybele by her lions drawn:
 From field and forest shall the faun
 To sylvan dance be wrought.
Cheerly may Vulcan's anvil ring;
And Neptune ride the rolling tide,
Proud monarch of the sea, to greet our island King.

Ode on the Coronation

III

Now June upon the Kentish uplands throws
Her glory, as when Dickens died.
Its clusters doth the purple comfrey hide,
Low drooping where the river flows.
Here the yellow iris glows;
And there some rose bay willow-herb its blossom
shows
By the Severn Marsh, or Cornish stream.
Trails the green-veined briony flower
Over bush and bower.
Now to rhythmic swish of scythe
Falls the ripened grass.
New-shorn sheep with puzzled bleatings pass:
While through the dulcet air and warm,
In undulating clouds the May-flies swarm.
Across the country calls the quail;
Above the open fields its spent flocks sail,
To bring from far Provençal shores the tale
Of fire-flies' lantern light
In scented Southern night;
Of village *Place* all-garlanded with flowers;
Of ardent, vital, blue, ecstatic hours.

IV

A wise East Saxon Ruler long ago,
Sebert, with pious hands,
Where now this Abbey stands,
Once raised a church upon the river side,

Not ever unmolested to abide—

By Danish hordes laid low.

Here the Confessor built his simple shrine;

Till with Plantagenets began this glow

Of Gothic glory, steadfastly and slow

Through centuries rising, line on splendid line.

Here rang for Agincourt

Laud and praise;

And here her great dead England lays:

While on his Sacring morn,

Sceptre and sword before him borne,

Each English king

Through old Recensions passes to his solemn Hal-
lowing.

V

An image of Hermes is not to be made

Of every wood, the ancient proverb said;

Nor from all men may kings be fashionèd:

Say, what of him we crown?

Eight hundred years of kingship went

To make him what he is; the ocean lent

Her wide heart, and the healthful winds
their aid,

And stars that on brave mariners look down.

VI

Courage, obedience, loyalty, and truth,

The old and simple virtues of her youth,

Ode on the Coronation

Let England bring and offer to the Throne,
Serving her King with those that are his own.
By holy oil anointed to uphold
His God's and country's honour, see him stand
In royal mantle, with the ring of gold
That wedded England to her Kings of old,
 Upon his hand.

Many the creeds in his benign control—
This Western faith, that reared Wren's stately towers,
As that which piles the luscious temple flowers
In memory of one exalted Eastern soul.
While this our King, in his appointed place,
Holding our hearts in glad and gracious thrall,
Maintains the high traditions of his race,
Justice and mercy wait alike for all.

THE COASTGUARD

(Padstow, North Cornwall)

How strange a sound was borne afar,
Where the faithless waters are,
Roaring and hissing on the Bar—
Sorrowful Bar of Doom!

The fateful bank of sand was laid
At the harbour's mouth, they said,
By the curse of a wronged mermaid.
(Thunder the seas and boom.)

"Fire a rocket to call the crew!"
On the storm the summons flew.
Some vessel, every townsman knew,
Had struck the Bar of Doom.

The Captain of the Coastguards came,
(Daniel Shea, it was his name,)
As called to some right royal game
Where rolling seas entomb.

The Coastguard

On rugged shores his days had passed,
Seeking signs from wrecked ships cast,
Or swift to spy each sail and mast
From viewless realms that loom.

Not of the lifeboat crew was he;
Daring, say, or gallantry,
Sent him across the surging sea
Towards the Bar of Doom.

He made them think his pluck a whim.
Gay of eye and strong of limb,
He had the Irish way with him,
And swung upon his doom.

They watched him breast the breakers white,
And some murmured with affright
How by his door a dog all night
Was howling in the gloom.

Two hours it wanted to the flood;
Fierce wind drove the flying scud:
Down came the seas with crash and thud,
And swept him to his doom.

* * * *

The wrecked ship stands with bare masts gaunt;
Sails like tattered rags they flaunt;
Their rents the pungent breezes haunt
From cliff-tops gold with broom;

The Coastguard

17

While in a valley far away,
Sheltering its convent gray,
The body rests of Daniel Shea,
Where late the roses bloom.

TYBURN TREE

I STRETCH bare boughs to the wind and the rain;
 Among their twigs no sweet birds sing.
 The sun shines down upon me in vain;
 No bright green leaves unfold to the Spring.
 Dread dead fruits from my branches swing:
 Yet under their scanty shelter and shade
 A fair French Queen she has knelt and prayed.
 O lithe the swaying poplars be,
 And strong is the oak, and fresh the plane—
 But she passed them all for Tyburn Tree!

In the Stuart days came the Jacobites:
 All for the smell of the heather
 They left the safety and strange delights
 Of foreign lands for the sad Scotch weather.
 Regicide and thief together
 Swung from my arms and looked in my face.
 (Who stole the Lord Chancellor's purse and mace?)
 And some were afeared who looked on me,
 And cried like a frightened child o' nights:
 And some came laughing to Tyburn Tree.

L'ENVOI

Gentle and simple who pass this place,
Rejoice to be in better case
 To praise King George for his clemency;
And hail them of your speech and race
 Who call you ever from Tyburn Tree.

THE RETURN OF NAPOLEON

(Coast of Provence, March 1815)

DOWN from the village stealthily creeping—
 (Three solemn strokes from the church tower
 chime;)
 Moonlit hills and a vague world sleeping—
 Soldiers of Mougins, hark the time!
 Back to your leader furtively creeping,
 Now that his service is counted crime.

Where is the eagle ye followed blindly,
 Banner of France, over brave heads borne?
 Through this flag, with a purpose kindly,
 Speaks the Chasseur, with strength unworn.
 Mighty Emperor, followed blindly,
 Proud of the Corsican hunting horn!

Grenadiers up the high road swinging,
 Polish Lancers and the grand Old Guard—
 Sixteen years since the land was ringing
 Loud with their praise as, bronzed and scarred,
 Home from Egypt the troops came swinging:
 Daylight and crowds and a world's regard.

The Return of Napoleon

21

Green corn now and the peach trees blooming

Pink, where the gray-leaved olives are:

Left behind for a dark day looming

Over the mountain gates afar:

Far from the South and the sweet Spring blooming

Sinks to its setting his fateful star.

WINDS OF PROVENCE

FROM wild Cevennes down hurled
 Upon the lashed Rhone's maddened breast;
Through blazing day and starlit darkness whirled,
 The fierce North-West,
Plague of the South, the Mistral, sweeps the world.

Laden with Desert sand,
 From where the loud Muezzins call,
And stately Sheikh and Bedouin band
 In worship fall,
The hot Sirocco chokes and burns the land.

From Caspian port and plain,
 From mountain fastnesses released
Of the remote Caucasian chain—
 Wind of the East!
Behind it, gray, relentless, drives the rain.

White sail and porphyry scar
 Clear-mirrored in a crystal bay!
No winds the perfect vision mar:
 All captives they,
In sullen impotence enchained afar.

LIVINGSTONE

THE white man's soul went back to God:

There beneath the sod

Of a sheltering tree near by,

Let his heart quiet lie:

In the still, still forest leave it,

Nothing any more to grieve it,

Under the tropic sky.

But bear his tired body home,

Nevermore to roam:

Across far seas and farther lands

Carried by faithful hands:

Six and fifty black men bare it,

Bid the hostile tribes to spare it,

And the swamps and desert sands.

Here in the royal Abbey's nave

See their master's grave;

He who had brought them hope and light

In their long, starless night.

Susi and Chumah, leaders bold,

Would fling themselves on the falling mould,

And follow him out of sight.

Livingstone

Thou heart's explorer, who could find
That which lies behind
Mountain and lake; thy one desire
To kindle and inspire
Dark Africa, thy spirit's goal:
Lit by thy great and simple soul
Love sprang to quenchless fire.

THE DANCER

(Antibes. Roman Occupation)

Two days he danced, Septemrio,
 Here in the old Antipolis,
 A boy of twelve, long years ago:
 New sport for the Arena, this;
 Before its crowds with ardour seized,
 Two days Septemrio danced—and pleased.

Gold-starred, the purple awning glowed;
 The tiers of seats rose steep and high
 To where above their bastions showed
 Blue spaces of the Southern sky.
 Beneath that sky, beside this Bay,
 The boy Septemrio sleeps away.

Above the *Cours* the plane trees line,
 Below the church and guardian tower,
 This tablet still the walls enshrine
 That lauds the darling of an hour,
 Where graven feathers at a glance
 Suggest the lightness of the dance.

The Dancer

Wild Goths the turquoise waters sailed;
Lombard to Saracen gave place;
Yet, carved in stone, this rose exhaled
The perfume of the Latin race.
Et placuit—to enduring name
The child's irrefutable claim.

A BALLAD OF BRAVE MEN

(Calais, the Fourth of August, 1347)

*DEATHLESS glory and renown
 To those who could do so hard a thing
 As to give their lives for an offering,
 So they might save their town!*

I, Walter Mauny of Hainault, Knight,
 And Carver to our blessed Queen,
 Do now in these latter days indite
 A record true of the goodliest sight
 That ever mine eyes have seen.

A slender youth in Philippa's train,
 I followed the Flemish bride.
 Thereafter in England to remain
 And serve her loyally was I fain,
 Wherever she might abide.

Now for fourteen months at Calais town
 The course of the Siege did drag,
 Till Famine, with fingers lean and brown,
 Had clawed the Lily-strewn banner down,
 And sent up the English flag.

"But for thee, Sir Walter"—so Edward spake—

"I had put them all to the sword:

To the Garrison now my pardon take;

With the citizens, too, my peace I make

(A pestilent, stubborn horde!)

"If six of the chief men there," he saith,

"My royal behest fulfil,

And do surrender themselves to death,

Each bearing the rope that shall choke his breath:

On them I shall do my will."

The news to the battlements sad I bore,

And great was the Governor's woe,

For hard were the terms he must needs obey,

And the price of relief was heavy to pay;

And would any be found to go?

At the barriers then he bid me wait,

And at last the answer came:

The Governor rode out through the gate,

His gaunt nag stumbled beneath the weight

Of his feeble and wasted frame.

There followed six men as he rode before,

And their heads and their feet were bare,

But knotted ropes round their necks they wore,

And mighty keys in their hands they bore.

Saint Marie, what sight was there!

Deathless glory and renown

*To those who could do so hard a thing
As to give their lives for an offering,
So they might save their town!*

Then spake the Governor, Jean de Vienne,

“I deliver unto you
Six of our best and wealthiest men;
Each one is a worthy citizen,
And God knows that I speak true.

“Now would I beg of you, gentle Sir,
That you would plead with the King,
And from so cruel a deed deter
His valorous hand, that he may not err
To his own soul’s suffering.”

“Alack!” quoth I, “these citizens’ end
I may neither know nor tell;
But on this at least may you depend,
In Walter Mauny they have a friend,
For I love a brave man well.”

To Edward’s camp I led them away,
And they fell upon their knees,
And “Gentle King,” did the foremost say,
“We render into your hands this day
The Town and the Castle keys.

A Ballad of Brave Men

"We be all of the ancient *bourgeoisie*,
And merchants of Calais town."

"Ah, Sire, do naught," I cried, "that of thee
Men may speak any villainy,"
For wrathful was his frown.

"Hold your peace, Master Walter," spake the King,
"My men have they made to die,
And their lives must pay the reckoning,
So now at the rope's end shall they swing
Against the avenging sky."

Then down on her knees the good Queen fell,
And her face through her tears did shine;
And I knew that all might yet be well,
And I blest the land where the Flemish dwell,
That had been her home and mine.

The King looked down on her kneeling there,
And how could his heart withstand?
For her upturned eyes to his eyes were fair,
And her candid brow and her flowing hair—
(And six lives lay in his hand).

"Since through perilous seas I fought my way,
No boon have I craved, nor won,
But now, with my folded hands I pray
Your mercy, most gentle Sire, this day,
For the love of Our Lady's Son."

Then there followed a silence long and deep,
 And I almost seemed to see
 The rapid thoughts through his clear mind sweep
 Like the shadows of clouds on some moorland steep
 Where the northern winds blow free.

He thought of her prowess at Neville's Cross,
 And the rout of the Scotsmen wild—
 Of their captive king and their bitter loss,
 With the remnant scattered like dust and dross:
 And he thought of his unborn child.

Then "Lady," slowly at last he spake,
 "I would you had further been,
 But you pray so tenderly—Nay, take
 These prisoners pardoned for your sake:
 I cannot refuse my Queen."

Then food in her tent to each she gave,
 She gave them raiment and gold;
 She sent them forth as men from the grave,
 Back to their home which the salt seas lave,
 And back to their proud stronghold.

*Deathless glory and renown
 To those who could do so hard a thing
 As to give their lives for an offering,
 So they might save their town!*

THE GRAND DUKE'S FUNERAL

(Michel Nicolaiwitch: Cannes, December 1909)

THE sturdy Alpine Chasseurs came a-marching down
the street,

And French and Russian sailors row on row:
The shuddering drums kept measure to the tramp of
countless feet,

And solemn rose the martial dirge and slow:

*Ouvéi!*¹

The trumpets sounded solemnly and slow.

The Russian priests came chanting, and their distant
music linkt

With Handel and with Chopin, as it stole
Upon the quickened senses, all vibrating and instinct
With the sadness of the sad Slavonic soul,

Ouvéi!

The sadness of the strange Slavonic soul.

¹ "Ouvéi" is the Russian word for "alas!"; "Daloko," for "far away."

From the mast-heads in the Port the lanterns sway
and shine:

High above the Alley trees the pale moon gleams:
And the hardy Mountain Batteries go trudging home
in line,

With mule and gun, to laughter and to dreams,
Daloko!

Go trudging up the country to their dreams.

But out into the darkness, to the land of steppe and
snow,

The sailors bore him faithfully and far:
They bore the Grand Duke sleeping where he fought
so long ago,

To the great snow-bound kingdom of the Czar,
Daloko!

The mighty, frozen kingdom of the Czar.

MUSICA LUX IN TENEBRIS

(Wreck of the "Titanic," 14 April 1912)

A GIANT floating form of noise and light
 Slow-sinking, tier by tier;
 Newfoundland ice-fields wrapped in awful night—
 In yet more awful fear:
 But still the gay waltz music throbbed and beat,
 Through tragic scenes and grim,
 Then died, as Hope itself, and sudden, sweet,
 That old familiar hymn!

Their daily task those bandsmen plied—no more—
 Dreamed of no sudden fame
 Like this which links with theirs from shore to shore
 The pride of England's name.
 With stintless souls their best, their last, they gave,
 That, borne on Music's breath,
 The spirits might go out across the grave,
 And through the gates of Death.

A NORTHERN SUMMER

(1912)

A RAW fog hides the gray church tower,
It hides the old gray hall:
On the sodden moors the chilled sheep cower,
Against the rain-drenched wall.
The mud-stained geese in dank grass lie,
All huddled, squat and still,
And they hear the pitiless wind go by,
With shrieking curses shrill.

Green barrow and white shooting-box
Have vanished as a dream,
And the mist has blurred the oozing rocks,
And dimmed the swollen stream.
The battered woodlands cringe with shame
The lashing blast before,
For the black North-Easter, it is the same
That blew the Danes ashore.

Their galleys bore them into sight
To plunder and to slay,
Where the blazing churches lit the night
And seared the wholesome day.
And now, from out the haunted Past,
The ghosts of Hate and Pain,
They are bearing back on the cruel blast
The terror of the Dane.

THE EXPLORER'S TOMB

(Captain Scott, March 1913)

NOT his the tomb Egyptian Pharaohs knew,¹
 Granite or alabaster, carven fine,
 In pillared halls their myriad slaves would hew
 From giant rocks; painted with strange design,
 Where still before our wondering eyes unroll
 The long, adventurous journeys of the Soul.

Nor his the tomb for Roman warrior planned,
 Beside the great Provençal road set down,
 Before whose beauty the Barbarian's hand
 Was stayed, when ruin swept the clustering town:
 Dome, column, statue, offering each its part
 To one harmonious whole of faultless art.

Nature for him has raised a lonelier tomb—
 Fantastic, splendid: for his winding-sheet
 The snow fierce-driven, when the Antarctic's doom
 Closed round him, and Death came with dragging
 feet.

Of earth's far realms he pierced the mysteries dim:
 No cenotaph of man could honour him.

¹ To an exclamation of Dr. Charcot's I owe the thought of the first line.

KING RENÉ, FRIEND OF TROUBADOURS

HE moves among his peasants gay,
 Who love him and extol;
 And as he passes on his way
 The *vielles* tinkle through the day,
 And "Now the weather comes," they say,
 "To sing the *Peyrenolle*."

Such kind and merry eyes of brown,
 Under his hat's broad brim!
 Of nine domains he wears the crown;
 But this Provence, where up and down
 He blithely roves from town to town,
 Alone belongs to him.

And his to conquer and to hold
 His people's hearts in fee:
 He spares their blood, he spares their gold,
 He gives them pageants manifold,
 And songs of gentle knights and bold,
 To twanging lute sings he.

And he can build a church that towers
The Marys' bones above: ¹
And plant his sugar-canes and flowers,
And muscat grapes to wreath his bowers;
Illuminate a Book of Hours,
Or hold a Court of Love.

As light of purse as light of heart,
Child of the Southern sun:
His glory never to depart
While high Romance and gracious Art
Still haunt the land where they did start
Their equal course to run.

Now crafty Louis on this land
Prepares his net to fling:
But waits till Death's reluctant hand,
From scenes of song and tourney planned,
Leads off, *insouciant* and bland,
His captive Poet King.

¹ Les Saintes Maries de la Camargue.

THE BOOKBINDER

BOUND for the King,
 This book, the leaves whereof I turn;
 A noble thing,
 In whose skilled lines I can discern
 Your fingers, Master Samuel Mearne.

This Cottage form
 You took from Berthelet perchance,
 Like to a swarm
 Of golden bees that hum and dance,
 Your pendant clusters' elegance.

This dotted work
 Recalls Le Gascon; in these heads
 There surely lurk
 Traces of Badier, where spreads
 The fine gold network's filmy threads.

But all your own
 The charm of lily, tulip, rose—
 The quaint sprays blown
 From some dream garden's trim repose
 That shadow-walls of Sleep enclose.

Three hundred years
Upon our decorative art
Your touch appears;
Your pine-apples from fairy mart,
And magic birds that skim and dart.

I see you bent—
Dexterous worker, kindly man—
On curves intent;
Thoughts of your little daughter Anne
Inwoven with your growing plan.

You oft would rue
Methinks, the tedious delay
Of payment due
On Michael's Feast and Lady Day,
For tooling neat or fore-edge gay.

And have you bound
For our first Charles's slender hands
Some work renowned;
Or maps of fabulous, far lands,
Where dolphins sport by haunted strands?

Not yours to drink,
O Master Binder, at that shrine,
The fountain's brink,
Where Hippocrene's waters shine,
And poets quaff the draught divine.

The Bookbinder

Your modest part,
To deck with ribbons, gold, and flowers,
A greater Art,
That recks not of our mortal hours,
High throned amid Parnassian bowers.

Mearne was Court Binder to Charles the Second. See Mr. Cyril Davenport's monograph.

DEATH AND THE CRUMPLING¹

“Un seul être vous manque et tout est dépeuplé.”

LAMARTINE.

COME hasten, look your last upon the small cold face,
Whiter than the Yorkist rose, pale symbol of his race;
For Death he came across the moor, and O he can
ride apace!

Pride of a king.

Pride of a king.

Stark in the green dale in all the life of Spring.

Hope of his Mother's days, heir to England's crown,
Idol of the loyal hearts, they cheered him through
the town

At the rush-bearing frolic, in his little green cloth
gown.

Curse of a throne!

Curse of a throne!

Pomp and state at Nottingham—and he died alone.

¹ The only child of Richard the Third and his Queen, Anne Neville, was a delicate and apparently deformed boy, nicknamed the Crumpling. He died mysteriously, in the absence of his parents, at Middleham Castle, Yorkshire—in those days “the Windsor of the North.”

Death and the Crumpling

Speak no word of comfort in sudden grief and wild,
For crushing sorrow and despair reign unbeguiled.
There's not a peasant in the land but may tend her
dying child:

Only a Queen

Only a Queen

Stretching helpless hands—and all the miles between!

And now . . . His open Psalter, with the task half
conned!

And were they always patient, as she had been, and
fond?

And was he frightened of the dark in the unknown
world beyond?

Wheresoe'er she turns,

Wheresoe'er she turns,

In the blackness of her night no cresset burns.

Only to follow him (through what trackless lands?)
Far from an alien world where none understands;
To see the shining of his eyes and to feel his clinging
hands!

There on his bed,

There on his bed,

Frozen hands and closed eyes, the child he lies
dead.

Death and the Crumpling

45

Want of care, had it been, or murder dire and fell?
Silent are the castle walls; no human tongue may
tell;

But the death lights flicker round his corse, and they
toll the church bell.

His to depart,

His to depart.

Hers the bare moors, empty halls—and a broken
heart.

VILLANELLE

O DAPHNIS was a shepherd born,
Who tried a contest with a King—
In Phrygia, in reaping corn.

But had he failed, the King had sworn
His life should pay the reckoning.
Now Daphnis was a shepherd born.

So, pitying his plight forlorn,
Came Hercules, and slew the King—
In Phrygia, while reaping corn.

In Grecian fields at early morn
You still may hear the reapers sing
How Daphnis was a shepherd born.

And plaintively the strains are borne
Across the meads at harvesting,
In Phrygia, the ripened corn.

Sicilian swain, forbear to scorn
My tribute, though a paltry thing!
O Daphnis was a shepherd born,
In Phrygia who reaped the corn.

THE PROPHET

LOOSE-REINED, along Medina's street,
Behold his camel swinging slow—
His loved "Al Caswa," surely meet
To choose the spot that first should know
The impact of her master's feet.

Upon her curved back seated high,
He saw beyond the things of sense;
The crowd's wild welcome passed him by;
With black eyes gleaming and intense
He sought to read his destiny.

He saw to one God homage paid;
He saw himself Apostle crowned;
Till, dying, in some garden's shade
He wakes to dulcet scent and sound
By flower and flowing fountain made.

The ripened pomegranates beside,
Beneath sheathed clusters of the palm,
As living gems the damsels glide,
Jacynth and pearl, with touch of balm;
Fruit-laden, cool-voiced, limpid-eyed.

The Prophet

The while on earth the call to prayer
 (Worthy his mind's far-seeing choice),
No Jewish trumpet's throat shall blare.

The summons of the human voice
Floats out on the responsive air.

It bears Mohammed's name afar—

 That name to mosque and minaret
A sound beloved, familiar;

 Crooned by the cradle, common yet
To battlefield and thronged bazaar.

And when, rose red, the heavens glow

 Like stained leather, cleft apart,
How many a soul, he mused, would owe
 Salvation to his faithful heart,
True to that vision long ago.

This triumph seemed but fitting fate,

 For tireless patience at his call
Brooded, with wings inanimate—
 That Eastern heritage of all;
In Europe, only of the great.

And great was he whose earlier life

 In valorous adherence passed
To what to him—with dangers rife—
 Was Duty's service, paid at last
By honour, after scorn and strife.

The Prophet

49

When through Medina's streets he came,
His glory was of one indeed
Who gives the world, for laud or blame,
That which at heart he deems its need—
Not that he thinks it would acclaim.

THE GOATHERD

St. Vallier, Alpes Maritimes)

HE passes up the village street,
And on his reed an air he blows
To call the little eager feet:
A plaintive air and sweet.
To mountain meadows all the day
The piper would lure the goats away,
And none but hear him and obey,
As he passes up the street.

From dawn to dusk the wide land glows,
Till near, a far-heard pattering grows:
Its home each goat unerring knows—
Its bread and chestnuts sweet.
While downward, passing out of sight,
The goatherd steps through the fading light;
With silent reed to the rising night
And the land of dreams he goes.

LA TOUSSAINT

(Kent)

Now bends the sky benign and tranquil over all:
 To shelter warm and dark the tortoise burrows
 slow:
 In calm of brown November groves the loose leaves
 lightly fall:
 Clear through the listening silence sounds the wood-
 owl's call:
 The last late swallows go.

Its meed of flowers lay on every grave—
 Not one forgotten in the Season's tender grace;
 These for the dear protecting friendship that we lost
 and crave:
 Those for the little child whose life no love could
 save:
 This for some kindly face.

Our Festival swept by with high triumphal rite;
 The ringing *Alleluias* sounded, sank, and cease.
 Now for those other souls, not always victors in the
 fight,
 We ask for them the shining of perpetual light
 Along the ways of peace.

ENGLAND

(To be sung on the march)

THERE'S a land to live and die for, that is beautiful
and free,
And we follow when she leads us, wherever it may
be:

She lifts her head among the clouds and rides upon
the sea.

England!

Along her lanes at Easter-time the sturdy blackthorn
flowers;

The tapers of the chestnut-bloom light all her Whit-
sun hours;

The rooks return at Christmas to her swaying elm-
tree towers.

England!

She gives us coasts of shipwreck, pluck and pity for
to breed;

For barge and loom the timber, and for flocks the
moor and mead;

And buried stone for cities she has yielded to our
need.

England!

She gave us Sage and Poet, and she gave them of
the best:

And women sweet and valorous, and homes for love
and rest:

And countless frugal hidden lives by work and
patience blest.

England!

With English wind the fishing-fleets their swelling
canvas fill:

It flings its flail upon the corn, and drives the whirring
mill;

It challenges our English hearts to match its dauntless
will.

England!

In vast Australian folds and mines our brothers watch
and toil:

They sow the wheat that ripens in the young Canadian
soil:

And fight through Indian jungle-lands where perils
prowl or coil.

England!

Then lift the sword for England, and fear no evil fate,
So we choose the best, that changes not; and keep
 inviolate

The courage and the fortitude that made the country
 great.

 England!

THE END



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(Eckli Mathews.)

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